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The Shadow of Violence

After a week of argumentation the ugly shadow of violence is being cast over the railroad walk-out situation. Men who have taken places vacated by the union shopmen have been attacked. The courts and the police powers of the states are being appealed to to protect new workers who have taken jobs on the assurance from the Railroad Labor Board that they are thereby doing a public service and are entitled to recognition as regular railroad employees.

The railroad shop strike differs from the coal strike. Coal mining does not have to go on all the time. Most of the union field operators have been as willing as the men to take a "vacation." But transportation cannot stop. The Federal transportation act set up the Railroad Labor Board as an arbiter of wages and working conditions in order to remove excuses for walk-outs and lock-outs. The board is the final authority in disputes of the sort which formerly led to strikes. The government has accepted the theory that it has the power to keep traffic uninterrupted in the public interest.

The shopmen are challenging that theory. They have the unquestioned right to quit work and to use peaceful persuasion to discourage others from taking their places. But they have no right to use force and intimidation to drive those who have replaced them out of the railroad service. They voluntarily surrendered their privileged status under the transportation law. That does not excuse them for playing the dog in the manger. The Esch-Cummings act, applied in the Labor Board's rulings, cannot be suspended at their say so.

The courts, the Railroad Labor Board, the state governments, the Federal government and the power of public opinion are all aligned against such an effort to supplant law by illegitimate obstruction and violence. The public's interest in the continuance of railroad operation is paramount. A tiny minority of ex-railroad workers set up a contrary interest. And, having set it up, this minority is unwilling to let the issue be settled peacefully and lawfully. It is free to resort to the courts if it thinks that the Railroad Labor Board overstepped its authority in the recent wage decisions. Instead, it resorts to Ku-Klux methods.

Violence, however, is a sign of weakness. The government cannot be intimidated. Neither can the public, which is determined to see mails, passengers and freight carried. Violence can help only to disclose to the blindest the real nature of the walk-out, which is essentially a test of strength between a tiny union, seeking exceptional advantage, and the "one big union," which is all of us—the nation itself, operating under a charter of fair play and democracy.

Burning Garbage

During the Mitchell administration much of the city's garbage was taken to the Staten Island reduction plant by scows and burned. Now it is nearly all dumped at sea.

Why not revert to the Mitchell method? Incineration has been tried with success by different municipalities, and by modern methods even the objectionable odors can be largely avoided. The method is sanitary and can even be made profitable. There are various by-products of garbage incineration that have a good market value.

The scow system, on the other hand, is expensive, and, while not actually unsanitary, at least pollutes the waters about New York and makes the neighboring beaches filthy.

Sooner or later the city must readopt incineration. This does not necessarily mean a return to the precise methods used under the Mitchell administration. But it does mean the systematization of garbage disposal in such a way as to avoid the present waste. Some time ago some of the Mayor's friends advanced a

plan for deodorizing the garbage. Why not actually utilize it? The objections against the plants used by Mayor Mitchell certainly are not sufficiently sound to invalidate the entire incineration process. The system is scientific and wholesome. Can the same be said of the use of scows?

The Paper Makers' Friend

By a decree which chops four ciphers from its purchasing power the Russian ruble is theoretically multiplied 10,000 times a unit. A dollar has been exchangeable for 4,000,000 rubles. Of the new series of rubles the dollar at present buys only 400. The ruble's depreciation is now less than double that of the German mark.

Lenine issued his paper at levels much higher than recently have prevailed. He compelled peasants to accept prices he prescribed until they refused to plant salable crops. He gave grants to the army and his vast bureaucratic host. With the knout he drove artisans to tasks imposed on them and paid them with bits of paper at rates he fixed.

A frightful extra tax thus has been imposed on the masses of Russia. If any one possessed rubles he lost as they shrank in value. The process of skinning the Russian bear was gradual, but scarcely a hair was left. There are financial laws which are self-operating and which no government, no matter how tyrannical, can set aside. What will Lenine do now? Making a start with a new edition of notes, will he continue to keep his presses busy? If he does, and there is no report that he has yet exhausted his supply of paper and ink, rubles of the new series will, of course, sink to the level of the old. He again will squeeze the Russian people and doubtless bring on another and worse famine.

Brazil's Exposition

There are those who can remember the participation of Brazil in our Centennial Exposition. The great South American country was then an empire, but its progressive sovereign took pains to come hither in person, with his consort, and to spend some time at the great show in Philadelphia. Nor was his visit a mere formality. Dom Pedro took a deep and intelligent interest in the scientific and industrial significance of the exposition, and it may not be too much to believe that the attention which he there paid to what had thus far been a neglected exhibit had much to do with hastening the development of the telephone into the public utility which it is to-day. Our best attention paid to the Rio de Janeiro Exposition of 1922 will be merely a courteous return for the Brazilian Emperor's attention to that at Philadelphia in 1876.

As for the more practical phases of the matter, it should be sufficient to bear in mind that Brazil, by far the largest and most populous country in the Western Hemisphere after our own, has a foreign trade of something like a billion dollars a year, which in both imports and exports peculiarly appeals to our economic and commercial interests. She needs our machinery and other manufactures, and we need her coffee, rubber, lumber and other natural products. We are now dominant in her trade. We take about one-third of her exports—much more than any other country—and she imports from us about four times as much as from any other country. In recognition of such mutually beneficial relations we shall do well to make American representation second to no other nation's, in magnitude and in cordiality, at our neighbor's centennial celebration of national independence.

Publishing the News

A belief is prevalent among the labor forces of this country that the daily press is so strongly on the side of capital that it will publish in full statements from employers, while neglecting reports of equal news value from union headquarters. Among the striking shopmen this belief has led their local leaders to decide to make no statement to the press whatsoever, but to give out their news only through a labor organ.

Perhaps this is but a manifestation of a conviction entertained by many Americans that every one knows and can write news, that the business requires no special training and that failure to print in full is complete evidence of black malignancy. If it were possible to exhibit newspaper waste baskets and their contents this false idea would be corrected.

Propaganda has been raised to the dignity of a profession. Newspapers are now deluged with ex parte declarations which are vague and verbose and which can be boiled down to a paragraph or a sentence. Each untrained contributor, when his pet ewe lamb is handled by copy-readers, feels justified in charging unfair discrimination.

Organizations addicted to giving out unprintable statements look upon the press as a medium for broadcasting soap-box orations. They are more concerned about making converts than news. Some day, let us hope, they will learn that the newspapers publish

news wherever they can find it, that there is no discrimination in favor of capital, and that their best course is to give out statements passed upon by news experts of their own as the kind of material that the public will be willing to read.

As to the main matter of complaint, were the contents of The Tribune checked against the bulky communications received, it would appear that the labor unions habitually suffer less from exclusions than does the other side. Doubtless the same is true of newspapers generally.

Buried Gold

Twenty years ago a man from Missouri bought an abandoned farm in the State of Connecticut, cleared away the boulders and broke up the soil with dynamite. In the holes made by the explosive he planted peach trees, whose roots found an easy passage through the broken loam. In a few years his peaches were making him a fortune.

Many local farmers who had been living from hand to mouth and seeking vainly to save enough money to move to a land with a deep and rockless soil followed his example. Most of them prospered. Meanwhile the agriculturists who had settled in the Connecticut River Valley were raising tobacco and getting rich. There were no abandoned farms in that region.

Saturday's news brought the report of a wild rush to another Connecticut farm to find gold that some remote settler had buried there. The early settlers of Connecticut had little gold, and there is small reason to believe that they buried any of it. The sons of Connecticut learned early that gold could buy factories, and that factories could make merchandise and machinery which the rest of the United States was eager to buy. The ingenuity developed in wresting a living from a stern and rockbound soil was quite equal to devising useful contrivances to an extent that alarmed the Patent Office.

It remained, however, for a Missourian to teach this enterprising people that gold was to be found in the soil—not gold that had been buried by any pioneer—but gold put there long before by Providence in the form of raw material for peaches and apples and other valuable farm products. The argonauts now upturning a Connecticut abandoned farm are not likely to discover any hidden wealth. But if they will put down dynamite charges and raise peaches where they suspect the existence of gold they will find gold in paying quantities.

No Evidence

Perhaps for the first time in history a great university has made a systematic scientific search for proofs of the existence of so-called spiritual phenomena. The Sorbonne in Paris has devoted six months to such a study, examining witnesses of every kind and investigating everything that was offered as evidence.

No real evidence was revealed. There was no ectoplasm radiating from any of the mediums under examination, no table rapping that was not found to be wholly physical in its origin, no voices that were not ascertained to be faked by charlatans. Since the beginning of time human curiosity has been piqued by the pretensions of spiritualists, and by successions of coincidences that seemed to point to unseen influences directing or seeking to direct human affairs. But scientific curiosity is another thing. It demands absolute proof, and, failing that, refuses to believe.

Tragic losses in the war led many parents to seek pathetically for signs that their children were not utterly lost to them. But it was always the parent who was victimized by the medium. The youth bereft of his parents seldom sought them in an unseen world, for youth is naturally healthy-minded and naturally less prone to give way to the illusions prompted by sorrow.

The conclusions of the scientists of the Sorbonne ought to serve as a wholesome antidote to the pitiful hysteria that is capitalized by the illiterate "psychic." But as long as human nature is as it is, it is doubtful if many searchers after the occult will be turned from their delusions.

American Plays

From the long list of European plays just brought to this country by American producers it would seem that the American playwright is not keeping up with the demand. Of course, the list of "arrived" play authors here is not large, but how much of this condition is due to the unwillingness of producers to give newcomers a chance will probably never be known.

The temptation to buy from foreign playwrights whose success has already been established is understandable, from both the artistic and commercial viewpoints. It is more of a gamble to launch the product of a new and untried writer, but it is a bit disappointing that the coming season will not witness a number of typical American plays, especially as the public was beginning to feel that American drama was coming into its own.

The last season showed a good

many failures of the domestic brand, but there were also not a few notable successes. For that matter there is no guaranty that the European play by the most noted of writers will meet the fancy of American audiences, whether it has been a success or a failure abroad. Indeed, the failures there have been enthusiastically received here, while successes have fallen flat.

Perhaps the American playwright will have to establish his ability abroad before it is recognized at home, as the American singer once was obliged to do before an engagement was possible in the opera companies here. American plays have been successful abroad after they have been produced here. There might possibly be a foreign market for them at the outset, in which event the timidity of the American producer would promptly vanish.

The Irish revolution will not last much longer if reports are true that De Valera has actually had to fight.

Perhaps it is Mr. Hylan's dread of subway accidents that leads him to try to prevent the Transit Commission from building any more subways.

More Truth Than Poetry
By James J. Montague

The Majority Against

No man who tries to drive to town,
And finds, to his disgust,
The all the dreary journey down
He gets a fiver's dust,
Because for miles along the way
They're strung out in a horde,
Will step up on Election Day
And vote for Henry Ford.

No man whose neighbor, ere the dawn
Has more than partly broke,
Lets loose across his private lawn
A cloud of sooty smoke,
The while the motor in his can
For trouble is explored,
Will ever try to lead the van
That votes for Henry Ford.

No man who has to work to live,
In town or on the farm,
And, cranking up his trusty fliv'
Gets fractures in his arm
The builder of the said machine
With ballots will reward.
The man we mention does not mean
To vote for Henry Ford.

No man who long has had to hear
The stories that are told
Of Fords, collected far and near,
Who cannot stay these ancient tales
So fluently outpoured,
Will, while his smouldering wrath prevails,
Do aught for Henry Ford.

Fitting Out

Presumably before a Shipping Board vessel puts to sea Uncle Sam's dry law enforcers have to raid two or three restaurants.

Chronic With Him

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, yet William J. Bryan doesn't look like a man who is suffering from cardiac trouble.

Practically Unconquerable

The Irish extremists seem determined to stand out to the last drop of Bushmills.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Economics of Living Wages

Practical Considerations Too Often Overlooked
To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In connection with your discussion of "living wages" you are, of course, correct in your position that it is an economic and not a sentimental question. In discussing the claims for certain arbitrary earnings which it was asserted by the workers were necessary for their welfare and happiness the United States Railroad Labor Board made some very interesting observations which I have not seen quoted in your columns. The board pointed out that there were two standards proposed, one of \$2,133 a year and the other of \$2,636. Without determining whether or not earnings of either of these amounts were desirable from a social viewpoint, the board contented itself with observing that if every family in the United States were guaranteed an income of \$2,636 a year it would require a sum of \$25,000,000,000 in excess of the total income of all individuals and industries in the United States.

If the country's 25,000,000 families were guaranteed an income of \$2,433 the total income of the country would be exceeded by the sum of \$13,225,000,000.

Such practical considerations probably will not appeal to labor union economists, but the rest of us may be pardoned if we are impressed by the practical consideration that it is impossible to get more than a quart out of a quart cup.

DANIEL T. PIERCE.
New York, July 7, 1922.

De Valera and Irishmen

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Your new name for De Valera is very pat and well selected. The present position of that gentleman is about as comfortable to himself and anxious onlookers as that of a cat stuck fast in the top of a high tree.

De Valera is a foreigner in Ireland. He neither thinks nor looks like a man of Ireland. That country has no doubt good material for statesmen, but the way of politics is to put such away in an obscure corner.

Even the stanch and stubborn Theodore Roosevelt knew when to change his mind. MARY LODGE.
Brooklyn, July 6, 1922.

The Tower

REBELLION

FROM out Thy terror I have made a sword;
From sorrow Thou hast sent me home
made a song;
A shining plume have fashioned from the thong
With which Thy arm my sinful body scored.

I knew obedience men must accord
Thy laws.

I knew Thy wrath was just and strong.
In hot rebellion I have done my wrong.

I make but one brief prayer to Thee, oh, Lord.

Let me go down to death as go the ships,
Full-sailed to meet the tempests of the sea.

Not lame and tide-drawn, like the wreck that slips
Across the bar, would I come forth to Thee.

Then grant, oh, God, whate'er Thy judgment be,
No craven prayer for mercy soils my lips.

Ireland has called a general mobilization. Maybe she is going to declare war on the Central Powers at last.

The Columbia Phonograph Company announces to prospective record purchasers concerning "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," from the "Chauve-Souris": "At one shot you get the wonder spirit of the Russian Revolution."

After having acquired this, one should purchase a reproduction of "Darling, I Am Growing Old" and thrill to the echo of the stirring days of '61.

INTERESTING INSECTS

The humble bee's a busy thing,
No matter where you find him.
Who wouldn't hustle if a sting
Were just that far behind him.

The chestnut worm's unpopular.
Yet, when all's said and done,
I'd rather find one whole, by far,
Than meet with half a one.

Isn't it about time that somebody charged some of the teachers of New York City with conservatism?

The Weakest Link

Sir: Have you had one of those chain letters from a kind friend wishing you good luck? Having had three of these missives of alleged benevolence, we rise to a point of order.

The letter arrives in an interesting envelope, which, opened, reveals a list of names as long as it is imposing. You presume you are being asked to serve on an important committee until you note that at the bottom of the column some former friend has wished you "good luck."

All he asks in return is that you copy the letter nine times and forward it to nine friends whom you wish good luck.

That involves the expenditure only of time, nine sheets of paper, nine envelopes, nine 2-cent stamps and nine friends. The chain should go three times around the world, the letter advises. Owing to the number of links from which we have emancipated ourselves, we wish to issue this warning that it will now reach only 2 1/2 times.

The chain is said to have been started by an American officer.

Not that we wish anybody the hard luck the letter threatens to visit upon you if you break the chain, but we would like to move a reconsideration of the Army bill, providing for 12,000 officers. Honestly, we think it should be 11,999. F. D. D.

The railway men who voted to go out on strike should not complain. Their ballots seemed to have accomplished just as much as those that bring victory to a reform ticket.

RECIPROCITY

A wren just trilled a triole to me,
And this is why I'm writing one to him.
"Twain plain; as plain as anything could be!"

A wren just trilled a triole to me.
If I trilled back, he'd fly away, you see,
So I kept still, as from a nearby limb
A wren just trilled a triole to me.
And this is why I'm writing one to him. G. B. B.

Pro Bono Publico and Constant Reader have been squabbling so long on the same page with us as to the fitness of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a national anthem that we can't keep out of the discussion any longer. Our idea of the perfect anthem is one that elicits tears more through emotion than through the agony of a strained larynx.

ALSO A COLUMN OF FOUR CONDUCTOR (From Brentano's "Book Chat")
MEMOIRS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. By P. W. Holmboe. Autobiography of one of the greatest soldier-statesmen of our times, written in simple style. Well indexed. \$5.

Out Where the West Concludes

Sir: Out here in the great open spaces, where men are men, we like the simple things best.

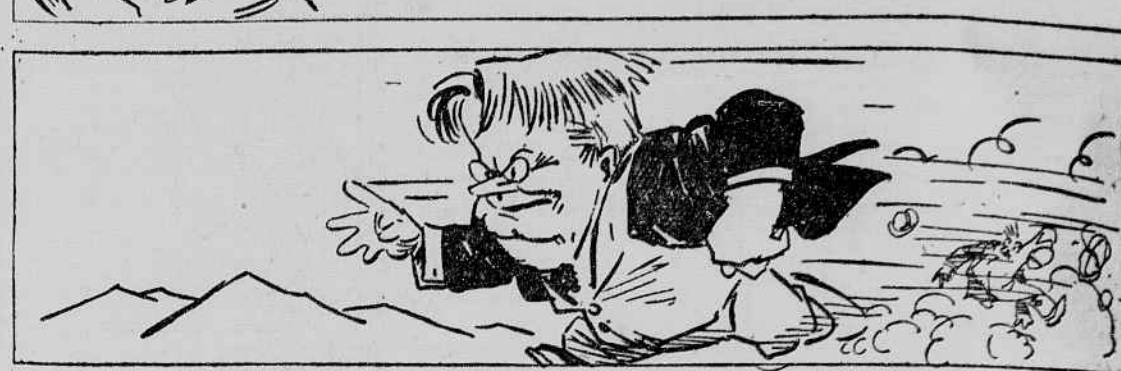
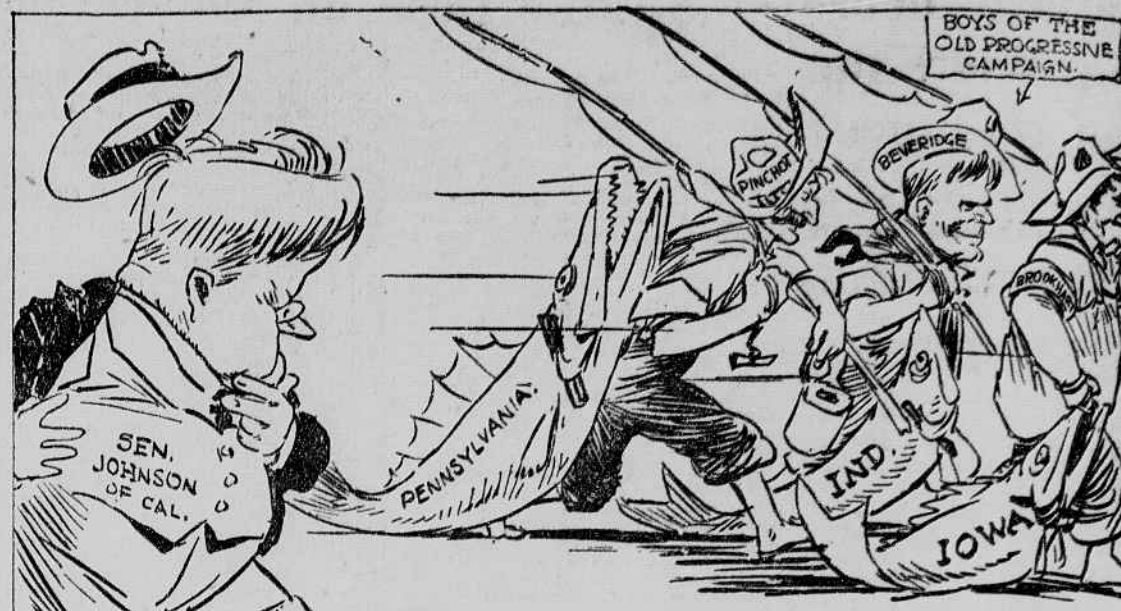
"Don't use 'propitious' in any copy" (I am quoting verbatim the proprietor of a local advertising agency)—"It's too big a word. I don't even know what it means myself." On another occasion this Native Son asked an artist to draw "a couple of melodeons—you know, those old Roman coins." "Abie's Irish Rose" is still going strong in its sixteenth week. "Miss Lulu Bett" flattered in two. "It was so silly," a woman feature writer said of the letter. "Why, four or five times this Dwight Deacon said he was going to sprinkle the rose bushes. They padded the lines something fierce." Los Angeles. SIB.

The recent weather seems to have made outdoor tan even rarer than the barroom variety.

The spectacular events succeeding the meeting of Greek with Greek are completely overshadowed by what happens when German meets German these days. F. F. V.

THEY DO SAY THE SIGHT OF IT HAS GIVEN HIRAM THE FEVER AGAIN

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New York's Noblemen
By James L. Ford

I sometimes wonder if there exists in New York to-day a colony of noble exiles as large as that with which I was familiar many years ago. I remember counting no fewer than fifty genuine nobles, besides two or three bogus ones, whom I knew at that time. The German immigration of the '80s brought many to our shores, where they soon found friends among their compatriots, and proceeded to make themselves at home in the different foreign cafés patronized by their kind. Fleischmann's Café was the headquarters for the Austrian exiles; French nobles haunted the Café Martin, at Ninth Street, and there were always many Germans to be found on Second Avenue.

It was while sharing an office with Baron de Grimm, the "Herald" cartoonist, that I came to know these titled exiles, to each and every one of whom Grimm was always ready to lend \$2, never more and never less. One of these cheerful borrowers was Count Bernstorff, a brother of the late German Ambassador to this country, but, destitute of the latter's ability. Eventually he married one of the Barrison sisters, a group of little Swedish girls chaperoned by Miss Pearl Eyttinge, and disappeared from the town. Another of De Grimm's followers was an inveterate gambler and was finally reduced to keeping tab in Daly's gambling house, an occupation that yielded no emoluments save an occasional "stack of whites" contributed by some player luckier than himself. Equally unfortunate in finance was the son of the German Admiral von der Goltz, and I well remember the excitement in the colony when he was lodged in jail by his irate landlady.

A Paupered Prince

Prince Arloff came to this country with the avowed purpose of marrying Mrs. Frank Leslie, of whose great wealth and exalted social station tidings had spread through the European capitals. But that matrimonial prize was carried off by Oscar Wilde's brother, Willie. The prince's high-sounding title pleased a wealthy American so much that he gave a dinner in his honor, and, fearing to ask ordinary untitled citizens to meet a person of such distinction, he gathered about his table half a dozen members of the noble colony, and there were more coronets than dollars in the crowd. The prince, who had hoped to make the acquaintance of wealthy Americans whom he could pluck at his leisure, was vastly chagrined when he found himself in the presence of these remittance men, to every one of whom his own history was well known. The only guest who seemed to regard him with respect was the simple-minded Count Bernstorff, whom the host took aside as the party was breaking up and said "Have you any change for carfare? The prince has not a cent."

The Count's Quarry

Among the frequenters of the Café Martin was an Irishman of distinguished appearance and courtly manners, whose name was Herbert of Muckross, and who was reputed to be the owner of the Lakes of Killarney. He was more like the nobleman of popular fancy than any of the counts or barons of my acquaintance, and I recall him with pleasure as a genial companion. Like all Irishmen, he had followers of his own race to whom he extended from time to time such bounty as his means allowed; and very slender were those means, as his historic estate was in the hands of creditors from whom he drew a small weekly allowance. Among these followers was one Major Rafferty, who appealed to him on a certain occasion and also to others of his compatriots for money to enable him to visit his old mother in Ireland. His friends put their wits to work and contrived a scheme that served Rafferty's purpose well. A story was set afloat that Rafferty knew the location of a valuable marble quarry in his native land, and for a small sum of money could obtain an option on it. Lured by more than one eloquent Celtic tongue, some of the American frequenters of the Café Martin advanced the necessary funds and the major departed on the next steamer.

His return was anxiously awaited by the syndicate of investors, but when he came back he had but hazy recollections of his trip, and the only reply was: "What odds does it make about the marble quarry? Didn't the major get there in time to see his poor old mother before she died?"

Curiously enough, some of the bogus noblemen of my acquaintance fared better in New York than did the owners of genuine titles. One of these who landed here as Lord Ogilvie, title unknown to the conductors of De Brett, found himself behind the bars of the Tombs, was released through the efforts of some of his countrymen and started on the path of integrity. He

lived to found one or two successful publications, to fill more than one responsible position in journalism and to acquire local renown under a name which was neither Lord Ogilvie nor the one that he was born to.

Bogus Barons

Some years ago there drifted into De Grimm's office a Viennese gentleman who announced himself as Baron Grunbaum and who for a time was a fairly conspicuous figure among the local nobility. He induced a reporter to write him up in one of the papers as an intimate friend of the murdered Archduke of Austria and, with this clipping in his pocket, made better headway among the Americans than among his countrymen, who had distrusted him from the first. He was arrested more than once and served at least one prison term, after which he migrated to St. Louis, where more trouble awaited him. After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century he turned up in New York as Count Gregory, mingled to a certain degree in respectable society and at one time had rooms in Newport. Not until he was arrested for some swindle did the Central Office recognize him as the Baron Grunbaum of the '80s.

A contemporary of Baron Grunbaum, and, like him, of Viennese origin, was a dark-eyed young Hebrew who called himself a baron and whose means of livelihood were for a time a mystery to his acquaintances. By making furtive inquiries among the other nobles I learned that he had a living at his fingers' ends, for he knew the real names and histories of some of our most prosperous foreign citizens.

Building in Central Park

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I notice that Mr. Caparn lays great stress on the fact that the "scenery" is the most important use of a park.

I have had that impression of Central Park for quite a long while. I think, however, that there is a better use to which a park can be put, and that is recreation.

If Mr. Caparn cares to understand what I mean let him take a trip to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, any Sunday or holiday and see the thousands of people made happy by being allowed to wander at will through the park without having to pound the pavements or listen to shrill whistles and warnings to get off the grass. The queer part of it is that Prospect Park remains in perfect condition in spite of this.

Now, I am not an artist, but I certainly think it would be just as pleasing to the eye to erect a beautiful building on one of the forbidden lawns in Central Park with appropriate landscape gardening about it. I have seen some buildings in parks that looked like gems in beautiful settings.

JOHN B. DEANE.
New York, July 5, 1922.

A Successful Union

(From The Toledo Blade)
Abraham Lincoln had the one big union idea that went over with a bang and has been a success ever since.